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"It seemed very plain that I was made for something—what is it mamma?" p. 12.

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1689.

HENRY LANGDON.

A TALE.

BY

MRS. LOUISA PAYSON HOPKINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER;" "YOUNG CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGED," ETC., ETC.

SIXTH EDITION.

NEW YORK:
GATES & STEDMAN, PUBLISHERS,
116 NASSAU-STREET,
1849.

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HENRY LANGDON.

CHAPTER I.

HENRY Langdon was a little boy about eight years old. He had no brother, but he had a little sister, still a baby, whom he loved very much. He was never more delighted than when he could make her crow, and laugh, and jump in his mother's arms, or when he was allowed to take her himself, and amuse her with his playthings. Henry was

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not as fond of boisterous plays as many boys are. Perhaps it was because he was not very well, and play soon wearied him. You would have known from his looks that he was a delicate child. His skin was so transparent that you could see the blue veins in his forehead quite distinctly.

He would often leave his play, complaining that his head ached; and then creeping off to the corner where he kept his little trunk of books, would take out one to read. He had read them all many times; but no matter, he loved to read them again. Or if his mother was at work, he would sit by her and lay his head in her lap, sometimes in silence, but oftener asking

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her questions. He was a thoughtful little boy, and liked to talk about some things in which most children would not be interested.

He was also an obedient boy. I do not know that Henry ever wilfully disobeyed his mother. He would forget what she told him, and was sometimes impatient for a moment, when he met with a difficulty in his lessons; but a look and a smile from his mother, generally called forth a pleasant smile in return. I am sorry I cannot tell you that Henry loved God. But I fear he did not. He prayed every night and morning, because he had been taught to do so from his infancy. But it is very easy to know if a person loves another.

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No one who saw Henry could have doubted whether he loved his mother, or his little sister. And therefore I think that if he had loved God, it would have been equally apparent in his conduct.

One day when Henry had been sitting by his mother some time, without moving or speaking, she asked him what he was thinking of.

"Mamma," said Henry, without raising his eyes from the green spot in the carpet on which they had been fixed, "I was thinking of the strange feelings I had a little while ago in my room;—I wish I could tell you what they were like."

"And why can you not tell me?"

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"Because, mamma, they were so strange. I had been fixing my pictures, and I was just going out of the room, when all at once I had such a queer feeling about myself, wondering how I came to be, and how I should be just myself and nobody else;—I can't make you understand it, mamma, if you had never had such a feeling,—but I thought about myself and wondered about myself just as if I had been another person; or as if I were divided into two, and one part of me was thinking about the other part. And then it seemed strange that I had not *been* always—that there was a time when there wasn't any *I*, and I wondered what I was *for*, why I was made at all.

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It seemed very plain that I was made for something—what is it mamma?"

His mother reflected for a moment. "My dear boy," said she, "I could tell you, but I wish you would think longer about it first, and try to find out for yourself. If you do not find out in the course of one month from now, I will tell you."

"A month! Oh that is a very long time," said Henry; but just then the baby woke, and in playing with her he forgot his question. Not so his mother; she hoped it would lead to a train of thought and conversation which might be of service to him.

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CHAPTER II.

NE morning, a few days after this, just as they had finished breakfast, Henry heard the sound of wheels which seemed to stop at the door. "I dare say it is uncle John;" cried he, running to the window; "yes it is! it is! and he has come to carry us out to the farm, I know." By this time Henry had opened the door, and uncle John came in. Yes, Henry was right. His uncle had come to take them out to his new farm.

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Henry ran to call Rover, and to get the new doll which he had ready for his little cousin, Mary: and as soon as his mother was ready, they set off. Rover frisked along by the side of the carriage, or sometimes ran a long way before and came back to them. Henry felt as if he should like to run with him; he was so happy that he could hardly sit still. "Isn't it the most beautiful day you ever saw, mother?" said he. "How green the grass is, and the trees, and how sweet the air smells, and what a beautiful blue sky!" His mother agreed with him. "Just suppose, Henry," said she, "that God had made the fields and trees and sky all black, as he might have done."

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"In less than an hour they arrived at the farm." p. 17.

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"Oh horrible! mother, what an ugly world it would have been."

"How much God has done for our happiness then, by making every thing beautiful."

"I wonder I never thought of that before," said Henry to himself, and then he amused himself by looking at every object they passed, and considering how it might have been made ugly.

In less than an hour they arrived at the farm, and then Henry was seized upon by his three cousins, William, Fanny and Mary, who hardly allowed him time to kiss his aunt, so eager were they to introduce him to the wonders of their new residence.

"Come this way, Henry," said Wil-

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liam, "I want you to see the horses; one of them is a great trotter, and I ride every day."

"Just as if Henry cared for old horses, which he can see any day," said Fanny; "let him look at the bees, he has never seen bees, I know."

"Oh, but my darling little chickens," exclaimed Mary, "just let him peep at them first, do Fanny dear; come Henry; and Mary being an especial favorite with Henry, he suffered himself to be led first to the chickens. When he had admired them to Mary's satisfaction, and had seen her feed them, and fed them himself, they went to the bees, and next to the stable. Thereupon ensued a variety of rides and tum-

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bles, followed by other amusements of which we cannot pretend to give any account. However, it was three hours before they returned to the house, with glowing cheeks, and "as hot as fire," to use William's expression, which I would not however recommend for the adoption of my young readers. While they were fanning themselves with caps and bonnets, Henry gave his mother an account of all he had seen, and by the time he had concluded, dinner was ready.

After dinner, Mary's doll was produced, and received by the little girl with quite as much pleasure as Henry had anticipated. Then they all repaired to a bench in front of the house, to enjoy the delightful weather. While

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the rest were talking, Henry sat quite silent. At length he said suddenly, "Mamma, how tired those poor cows must be of having nothing to do, but stand there all day. That one in the corner has not stirred for half an hour, and I dare say, she will stand there till night."

They all laughed. "Is this the result of your long revery, Henry?" said his uncle. "Really, you are very compassionate. And how do you propose to amuse the 'poor cows?'"

"Oh! he will take a book and read to them, I dare say," said William.

"Or tell them a story," said Fanny.

Henry bore all this raillery very well, and joined in the laugh with great good

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humor. "But after all, Henry," resumed his uncle, "I do not see why you should confine your pity to the cows. There are the sheep and horses, and ducks and chickens who are no better off, and the pigs—certainly they are the most to be pitied of all."

"Sure enough, so they are;" said Henry. "Poor creatures, how I pity them!"

"And there is your own dog, your own Rover," interposed his mother, "why do you not pity him?"

"Oh mamma! I hope you don't mean to put Rover with those stupid old cows. He knows a great deal, I assure you, mother, and besides he has amusement enough; he follows me wherever

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I go, and he understands a great deal that I say to him. Rover! Rover! come here Sir! see how quick he runs to me; he is not at all like those stupid cows."

His mother and uncle smiled at the warmth with which he defended his dog. "But Henry," said the latter, you do not really suppose that the cows and pigs are unhappy, because *you* would be miserable in their situation? Don't you know that every of animal has just the kind of life for which it is fitted, and the best of which it is capable?" Fanny was afraid there was going to be a "long talk," as she called it. "Oh come, Henry," said she, "leave the cows and pigs to take care

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of themselves; they are happy enough, I dare say, it's just what they were made for. Come and have a swing."

Henry would have liked to think longer about the animals, especially as Fanny's last expression, "*That is what they were made for*," recalled the question he had asked a few days before about himself. How strange that he had not thought of it since! However, as his cousins were eager to play, he made an effort and went with them.

After their swing, the boys had a wrestling-match, but as William was several years older than Henry, and proportionably stronger, there was "not much fun in it," as he said to him; it was too easy to conquer. They then

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put little Mary into a chaise which stood in the yard; and the boys drew her up and down to her great delight. Then they went to tea, which had been prepared early, so that uncle John might take them home before dark. There were four seats in the carriage, and William petitioned to be allowed to ride out and back again. His father consented, and when the "good-byes" were all said, and all the kisses given and received, they set off. The two boys kept up a tolerably brisk conversation at first, but Henry's head began to nod, and before they were half way home he was fast asleep. Nor did he wake the next morning until nearly an hour after his usual time.

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CHAPTER III.

"WELL Henry, said his mother, when he came down to breakfast, "are you quite rested?"

"I believe so mamma," said Henry smiling; "I should think I might be after such a long sleep; didn't I get to sleep in the carriage, mamma?"

"I rather think you did Henry. At any rate you gave no signs of life during the latter half of the way.

"I can hardly remember how I got

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out of the carriage, or about going to bed; nor about uncle John and William going away; how very sleepy I must have been! That was because I played so much; I do not think I have played so much this whole month together."

"You were very happy I suppose all day?"

"Yes, mother, very." "However," added he, after a pause, "I don't think I should like to spend every day so."

"Why not? would you not like to be happy every day?"

"Yes, mother, of course, but I mean, I do not think it would make me happy to spend every day so—in doing nothing but play; I am sure it would not."

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"No, Henry, it would not. God has not made us to find our happiness entirely in amusement."

"Mamma, isn't it strange that I should have forgotten all about the question I asked you, and which you told me to think about, till yesterday? There are two days of my month gone, and I have not found out any thing about it yet."

"What made you remember it yesterday?"

"Mamma, it was something that uncle John said first, and then Fanny said, 'That is what they are made for,' when we were talking about animals. How do we know what they are made for, mother?"

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"By seeing what they are capable of. You remember your uncle John said that every animal is placed just in the condition for which it is fitted, by its nature. Suppose now you had a little lamb, which you wished to make perfectly happy; what would you do for him?"

"I do not know what I could do, except to keep him warm in winter, and give him plenty to eat and drink."

"Very true, that is all you *could* do. You would not expect then to please him by books, or pictures, or conversation?"

"No, indeed, mother;" said Henry, laughing.

"Would *you* be satisfied with noth-

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ing but food—no other enjoyment than that of eating?"

"Oh no, mamma, how very miserable I should be to live as they do!"

"And yet you see they are not miserable, because they know nothing about the enjoyments which are necessary to you, and have no *capacity* for them. Of course, we know they are not *made for* them."

"So they can never want things they have not, can they? After all, mamma, it seems as if they were better off than we are, for how often we are unhappy, and how many things we want that we cannot have."

"Would you then be willing to be made incapable of receiving any plea-

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sure from books, for instance, in order that you might never be sensible of the want of that pleasure? would you like to be capable of no other enjoyments than those of eating and drinking, so that you might never suffer from the want of other pleasures?"

"Oh no, no indeed, mother. How could I be so foolish as to think so? I would rather have such wants, even if they cannot always be gratified; for after all, mother, it is a proof of our—it is a proof that we are above the brutes, that we can have such wants."

"Very true, Henry. It has been remarked that the rank of every creature in the scale of being, is determined by the greatness of its wants."

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"Then if I can find out how many wants I have which brutes have not, I shall know how much I am above them."

"And do not forget that if you are superior to them in capacity, you were created for a proportionably higher end."

"Mamma, I wonder what is the reason that we cannot make the same thoughts and feelings that we have had once, come back whenever we please. I cannot make that strange feeling come back, which I had about myself, when I wanted to know so much what I was made for. It does not seem wonderful *now* that there should be any *I*, as it did then; it seems quite natural, and it does not look to me so certain as

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it did then that I was made for some particular object."

"As to the latter point it is very easy to decide whether you were made for any thing or not. When men make things,—houses, watches, machines, for instance, do they make them for any end, with any design, or not?"

"Yes mamma, with some design, certainly."

"If a man should spend his whole life in making things, without object or design, would you consider him a wise man or a foolish one?"

"A foolish one."

"Who made you, Henry?"

"God."

"Then, unless God is less wise than

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men, you were made for some purpose, with some design?"

"Yes mamma, it is plain enough. But somehow it does not seem as it did then."

"I know what you mean, Henry. There are times when truths that we knew before, flash upon us suddenly, as entirely new. It is as if God lifted the curtain which shuts out from us eternal truths, and permitted a ray of light to dart forth, and show us for one moment, where we are."

"Yes, mamma, that is just it—like a sudden light. I wish it would look so all the time."

Before his mother could reply, the door-bell rang. It was a visiter, and the conversation was interrupted.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE next day Henry took his station by his mother.

"Mamma, I was sorry that lady came yesterday just as we were talking;—won't you talk to me now, mamma?"

"About what, Henry?"

"About animals, and the difference between them and us. In my 'Child's Book on the Soul,' it says that animals have not souls like ours, and that what

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they have, does not deserve to be called a soul. Do you think so, mother?"

"Yes, I think there is so wide a difference between the mind of an animal, and a rational, immortal soul, that this term cannot be applied to them, when we intend to speak accurately."

Henry thought for a moment. "But still, mother," resumed he, "I should like to know what animals have, if they have not souls."

"Do you know what instinct means?"

"I know that it is what teaches bees to build their cells, and birds their nests, and all such things, but I do not know how to tell what it is."

"Can you tell any respect in which it differs from human intelligence?"

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"No, mother, it seems as if I knew, but I cannot tell."

"Well, I will help you to find out. You know how admirably the cells of bees are constructed?"

"Oh, yes, mamma; I read all about that in my 'History of Insects.' It says that they know how to make them just the very best form, and that which will occupy the least space, and take the least wax. Isn't it strange?"

"Well now suppose you should set them to building houses for the ants, or nests for the humming birds, do you think they would succeed equally well?"

"Oh, mamma, they would not know any thing at all about it."

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"Why not?"

"Because they only know how to build their own. They do not know how to do every thing, only particular sorts of things. And mother, I guess this is what you mean is the difference between them and us, for we can do all sorts of things, and each kind of animals only knows how to do one thing."

"Or to express it in other words, instinct is limited in its objects; understanding is not."

"That is a great difference after all, isn't it, mother? For what thousands of things men can do—build houses and bridges, and ships and carriages, and towns."

"Yes, and not to confine our illustra-

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tions to building, or to any mechanical employment, men can study the laws of nature; they can observe the planets, and give names to them, determine their motions and distances, penetrate into the earth and learn its structure, and many other things; but I believe you never heard of a bee studying astronomy, or geology."

"No, indeed, mamma," said Henry, laughing.

"But you said bees would not know how to build for other animals than themselves;—could they not be taught?"

"Oh, no, mother, that would be impossible; they were never taught how to build their own cells, they always knew how."

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"It is not then by reasoning, and comparing, and reflecting upon their own wants that they come to build their own cells so perfectly?"

"No, mother, they know at first just as well as they do after they have tried ever so long—their instinct teaches them how. And I suppose that is the reason they can only do a few things, for if they had learned how to make their own cells by thinking, then they could think how to make other things. After all, mother, they seem almost like machines."

"At least, you have discovered two more respects in which they differ from men; they *cannot be taught*, and they *never make improvements*."

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"Yes, mother; the bees now, I suppose, are just like the bees that lived before the flood, and only think how much man has changed."

"There is another thing which I wish to notice about instinct. It has not the power of adapting itself to circumstances. Birds will hatch the eggs of other birds hostile to them, if placed in their nests; and a hen that has hatched a brood of young ducks is terribly distressed when she sees them running into the water. Then they build their habitations alike in all countries and climates, whereas men adapt their houses to their particular wants in different circumstances. Do you understand this?"

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"Yes, mamma; and yet it seems to me instinct will not account for all that animals do. The dogs of St. Bernard —only think of them—they know how to adapt themselves to circumstances, mamma; you know how ingenious they are in finding ways to get the travellers out of danger, and I think Rover knows almost as much—or at least he knows a great deal."

"I was going to tell you that animals have *some* understanding, in addition to instinct. There is a great difference in the degree of this power which they possess, and the dog is distinguished above most other animals."

"The dog and the elephant are the first, I guess."

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"But I can tell you an anecdote about some bees which proves that they too have some understanding."

"What is it, mamma?—I do love to hear stories about animals."

"It is so long since I read the anecdote, that I may not recollect all the circumstances, but this was the substance. A gentleman who had many beehives, observed that the bees were troubled by insects somewhat larger than themselves, which made incursions into the hives, and consumed the honey. After some deliberation on the best mode of remedying the evil, he had some tin gratings prepared, with holes large enough to permit the bees to pass through them, but not of a sufficient

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size to admit their enemies. These he intended to place over the mouth of each hive, but on going out for that purpose, he found that the bees had already, during the night, constructed for themselves similar gratings of wax."

"What, mamma, with holes just so large?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how wonderful!—I can hardly believe it—that could not have been instinct, could it, mother?"

"No, because here there was an evident adaption to circumstances, to which instinct cannot attain."

"Have you any more such stories to tell me, mamma?"

"I will tell you more at some other

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time, but now I can only tell you one thing, which will perhaps surprise you; that we have instinct as well as the lowest animals."

"*We* have, mother! I am sure I did not know that. What is there that instinct teaches us to do? I thought little babies did not know how to do any thing."

"It is true that the instincts of men are much fewer and less strongly developed than those of brutes, but it is nevertheless true that we do some things instinctively. For instance, a baby or a grown person will shut his eyes instantaneously, if you make a sudden motion of darting something at them. This is not the result of reflec-

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tion, because babies do it, as I said, and because it is done too quickly to allow of any previous reasoning."

"Yes, and besides, mother, we *cannot help* doing so if we try ever so hard, for I have very often tried to keep from winking, when any body moved any thing quickly, close to my eyes, and I never could. May I see if you can, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, if you choose."

Henry was much amused in making his mother wink, and then he wished the baby would wake up, so that he might try the experiment upon her.

"Mamma, how long Helen sleeps to-day."

"Not longer than usual, my dear."

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"It seems longer, mother, but she looks so sound asleep that I don't believe she will wake up for some time yet, so I will go and find Rover, and do something to make him show that he has understanding."

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CHAPTER V.



BOUT this time Henry received a present of two little white mice. They were in a cage with a revolving projection, like those in which squirrels are sometimes kept. Nothing could have delighted Henry more. He was never tired of watching them, and admiring them, and wondering about them. It was so much better to have things that are alive, he said, than mere wooden playthings, that he would rather have his mice than all his other playthings together.

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"I wonder what this little mousey is thinking about," said he, one day, as he sat looking at them; "he must be thinking about something, he sits so still. How nice it would be if we could look into the minds of such creatures, wouldn't it mother?"

His mother smiled. "Without possessing that power, Henry, I can tell you what he is *not* thinking of."

"What, mother?"

"Himself, for one thing."

"How do you know that, mother? O yes I suppose, to be sure, such creatures can't think about themselves, as we can;—and yet I don't know; can't they, mamma?"

"No, the power of self-conscious-

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ness and self-reflection is given to man alone."

"I was thinking about that, this very morning, before I got up; at least, I don't mean about that exactly; but about the difference between us and animals, and I thought, from what you said the other day, that the only difference was that we have the most understanding, and they, the most instinct; and yet it seemed as if that could not be all."

"No indeed, there are many more important, and this self-consciousness is one. You recollect what you told me about your strange feelings when you seemed divided into two."

"Yes mother; I have tried to make

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them come back again, but they will not."

Well, something like that really takes place whenever we make ourselves the object of our thoughts, for we are at the same time *the thinkers*, and the object *thought about*. Do you understand me?"

"Yes mother, I believe I do."

"But this self-consciousness is not usually accompanied by any sensation of strangeness, nor by any feeling of being divided. We think of ouselves just as we should of any other persons or things, and forget to wonder at ourselves, except when occasionally, a flash of light makes us attentive to the mysteries of our own being."

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"Then animals can have thoughts, but they cannot think about those thoughts; and we can."

"Yes, and it is in that way only that we learn the meaning of all words that describe thoughts and feelings. For instance, how did you learn the meaning of the word, *fear?*"

"I don't know, mother, I cannot remember now, but I suppose you, or somebody else told me."

"But how could we tell you, if you had not known the feeling first?"

Henry looked as if he did not quite understand.

"Suppose you had never felt, even for a moment, the emotion of fear, how could I make you understand it?"

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"Why you could tell me that it meant —that it meant—"

"That it meant *fear*, and that is all I could tell you; or if I used any other words, such as *fright*, or *terror*, or *alarm*, do you not see that without having known the feeling, you could not understand me?"

"Oh yes, I see it now, it is very plain now; and it would be just the same about *love* and *hatred*, wouldn't it?"

"Yes; the same is true of all emotions, and of all mental operations, such as comparing, judging, reflecting. It is by thinking upon your own consciousness, in other words, by looking into your own mind, that you learn to understand the ideas connected with these words."

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"Does consciousness mean the knowledge of what goes on in our own minds?"

"Yes."

Henry paused. "Then it seems as if there must always be a thought, and then another, and so on without any end. I mean that as soon as I have thought one thought, I must begin to think about that, and then about that, and so on. Then I should not have time for any thing else; besides, I do not remember ever doing so."

"There are two kinds of consciousness," his mother began, but stopped short. "I do not think you can understand this, Henry."

"Oh, I dare say I can; do try, mamma," said Henry, beseechingly.

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"Well, there is a kind of consciousness which accompanies every act of the mind, which may be called *ordinary* consciousness. It simply implies that we *know*, when we think, or love, or hate, and does not imply that we *reflect* upon every thought or feeling. For instance, when you waked this morning, you began to think about animals?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And you must have been conscious of that thought, that is, you must have known that you had it, else you could not have remembered it afterwards."

"Yes, mamma.'

"But did you stop to reflect at the moment, Now I have had a thought,

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and then again; Now I have had another."

"No indeed, mother," said Henry, laughing; "if I had, I might have kept on till this time."

"This kind of consciousness is inseparable from every mental operation, and it is *involuntary*, that is, it does not depend on an act of the will; we cannot help it. But we have the power of fixing our attention particularly on any of our past or present mental operations, and this we call *voluntary*, or *reflective* consciousness."

"Then when I thought about those strange feelings I had the other day, that was reflective consciousness."

"Yes, and to take another illustra-

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tion; you love Helen all the time, and of course you are conscious of loving her. But you are not constantly *thinking* that you love her."

"No mother, I understand it perfectly now. And so animals cannot think about themselves. What a great difference that makes between them and us. How strange it would be if *I* could not think about *myself*. I should not be much better than a machine, should I, mamma?"

"No, I do not think you would. *Now*, by studying yourself, you can find out what you were made for, and whether you are accomplishing this end. But if you had not this power of self-knowledge, you could not *voluntarily* fulfil

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the end for which you were created; you would do it as plants do, without any intention, or purpose, any more than a watch has, which goes when it is wound up."

"Yes mamma, I am very glad I am not like a watch, or like a dog, or even my poor little mice. Mousey, you don't know that we are talking about you;" and Henry ran off to the cage. "I declare they have eaten up all I gave them, I must go and get them some bread."

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CHAPTER VI.

FOR several days after this Henry was not well. He complained more than usual of the head-ache, and seemed to lose his interest in his ordinary pursuits. His mother thought it might amuse him if his cousin Mary should pass a week with him. Henry was delighted with the proposition. He was very fond of Mary, and indeed her sweetness of disposition, and desire to make every body happy, rendered her a general favorite.

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She was a little younger than Henry, and as he was not fond of boisterous plays, her being a girl did not detract from the pleasure of her company.

His mother wrote the invitation directly, and Henry set about arranging a baby-house for her, in one corner of his play-room. This house was neither more nor less than a tea-chest, turned on one side, and divided into four apartments, by little blocks of wood. The animals from Noah's ark were arranged round the sides of the different rooms, Noah and his family being promoted to a place in the parlor, while the brute inhabitants were consigned to the kitchen and sleeping apartment. It is true that there was as yet no way of distin-

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guishing one room from another, and Henry had thoughts of pasting up an inscription to tell which was the parlor and which the kitchen. But this plan did not quite suit him, besides, what was the use of a house without furniture.

Henry therefore asked permission of his mother to expend some money which had been given him, in furnishing the baby-house. His mother consented, and accompanied him to a toy-shop, to give her advice in the important matter of selection. And it was well that she did so, for Henry was so distracted by the variety of pretty things before him that he could make no choice.

"Oh mamma! look at this little mahogany table, and this fire-place, and

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tongs and shovel—and oh mother! see these darling little cups and saucers, I *must* buy *them*, mayn't I?—wouldn't you, mother?"

"My dear, Mary has cups and saucers."

"But not half so pretty as these."

"True, but as you cannot buy everything you would like, will it not be better to select something which she has not?"

Henry acknowledged the wisdom of this advice, and, with some difficulty turned away his head from the cups and saucers. He was next attracted by a beautiful doll's bureau of mahogany; but this was found to exceed his finances. He was able to purchase, however,

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a minature bedstead, which next struck his fancy, the fire-place and its accompaniments, two chairs, two candlesticks, and a doll's looking-glass. With these he was satisfied, after he had escaped from the dangerous vicinity of the toy-shop, and now he was in so great haste to reach home with his treasures, that his mother could hardly keep pace with him. She was glad to see him so interested and happy, and glad that he was made so by the hope of giving pleasure to another.

"Mother, I hope you did not forget to tell Mary to bring her doll in the letter."

"I certainly did not tell her to bring it in a letter," said his mother smiling.

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"Well mamma, you know what I mean—did you *tell* her in the letter to bring it?"

"Yes, but I imagine the admonition was quite unnecessary."

"How soon to-morrow do you think she will be here, mother?"

"I cannot tell my dear: your uncle will bring her when it is most convenient for him. But I advise you to employ yourself while you are waiting; otherwise the time will seem very long."

"I know that, I found it so when I was watching for you, last summer, mamma; I did nothing but run back and forwards from the clock to the window, and it seemed as if the hands of the clock stood still."

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Acting upon this experience, Henry asked his mother for a skein of silk to wind, as soon as he had finished breakfast the next morning; and he had just finished it, and begun to play with the baby, when his uncle and Mary arrived. The former was obliged to return directly, and Mary was led into the house in triumph by Henry. He had no need to ask if she had brought her doll, as the said young lady, carefully enveloped in cloaks and shawls, (though it was almost July,) was visible in her arms. Henry would have liked to conduct them immediately to the doll's residence, but he had the forbearance to wait till Mary had delivered all the messages with which she had been en-

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Mary was led into the house in triumph by Henry. p. 64.

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trusted by her mother, answered all her aunt's questions, admired the white mice for a quarter of an hour, and talked to little Helen for the same length of time. As she had no presentiment of what was in store for her, it cannot be supposed that this time appeared as long to her, as it did to her impatient cousin. However, when she at length turned to the doll, and began to disrobe her of some of her outward garments, Henry thought the proper moment had arrived, and proposed that they should adjourn to his play-room. Mary, not at all averse to the proposition, took his offered hand, and off they went.

"How strange it seems to be in the city again," said she; "and to hear the

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carriages and all the noise; it is so still in the country."

"How are your chickens?" asked Henry.

"Oh they are very well, I thank you; they have grown larger since you were there, and I have some more. I was sorry to leave them, but I wanted to see you so much, and Fanny promised to take care of them, and she is going to write to me too, and tell me how they do."

By this time they had reached Henry's room, and he led her to the wonderful corner. "Why, whose are all these? yours, Henry?—but you don't play with dolls;" she was beginning to say, when looking at his smiling and

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significant face, "Oh I know! what a darling you are! you are the best cousin in the world, and where *did* you get them all?"

The little girl then entered into a detailed examination of the various pieces of furniture, commenting on each, and expressing her delight, very much to that of Henry who stood watching her. The bedstead especially pleased her, and she wished it was time for the doll to go to bed, that she might put her in it.

After they had become tired of play, books and pictures amused them for the rest of the afternoon.

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CHAPTER VII.



FTER dinner Mary produced a bag containing some patchwork, and all the necessary implements for sewing.

"What are you going to do, Mary?" inquired Henry. "Mamma wished me to sew at least one hour every day," replied the little girl. "So what will you do in the mean time, Henry?"

"I don't know," said Henry. "I wish mamma was not busy and she would talk to us."

"So do I. But I know what I should

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like, if you would, and that is to have you read to me; I love dearly to have somebody read aloud when I am at work."

"Henry was sure to like reading in any shape, so after some discussion as to the book, "Rosamond" was fixed upon. The hour passed very quickly in reading and work, and then another was divided between the mice and little Helen. Henry's mamma next proposed that they should walk with her —a proposition gladly acceded to by both. The walk proved very pleasant; and when they returned, tea was ready.

After tea, Henry placed a chair for his mother, where she could see the sun when it should set, and one on each

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side of her, for Mary and himself. It was the hour commonly devoted to conversation, but no one seemed disposed to talk, for a while. They sat, silent, looking at the beautiful sky, and rich clouds, and the sun just about to set.

Henry first broke silence. "How beautiful it is!" said he, "and what a different feeling there is about morning and evening. Even the sun does not seem the same as he did in the morning."

"Can you describe the difference?" said his mother.

"No mother, not very well; but in the morning we feel bright, and active, and bustling, and every thing about us seems so too; and at night every thing

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looks and feels still, and we want to be still; and there is a sort of melancholy feeling about evening too—not exactly melancholy either, mamma; it is a feeling which I like very much, it makes me want to hear poetry. I wish you would repeat some, mother."

His mother began:

"THAT setting sun—that setting sun!
What scenes since first its race began
Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
Which are as they had never been.

That setting sun! full many a gaze
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
With sweet according thought sublime,
In every age, in every clime!

'Tis sweet to mark thee sinking slow
The ocean's fabled caves below;
And when the obscuring night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

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So when my pulses cease to play,
Serenely close my evening ray.
To rise again, death's slumber done,
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun!"

As this was not enough to satisfy Henry, his mother went to the book-case, and took down Milton. She read him some extracts from different parts, and both the children listened with a quiet but pleased attention. "How much pleasure we should lose," said she, as she closed the book, "were it not for the alternations of day and night. Morning and night—'bright dawn, and thoughtful eve,' each has its peculiar character and its peculiar charms. If God had given us one eternal, and un-

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varied day, we should have been deprived of these pleasures."

"Sure enough mamma, I never thought of that before. And I have just remembered a verse in the Bible, about the morning sun. It is in the Psalm which you gave me to learn, Sabbath before last. It says, he is like a bridegroom, coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth like a strong man to run a race. That is exactly the way he seems to me, in the morning. Are there any descriptions of evening in the Bible, mother?"

His mother in reply, read to him some verses from the 104th Psalm, and from the book of Job, which referred however, she observed, rather to night than

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to evening. It was now dark, and time for the children to go to bed. "And I will give you this verse to think of, my dear children," said Henry's mother, as he gave her the accustomed kiss, 'I will lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou Lord only makest me to dwell in safety.'"

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE next day as soon as dinner was over, Mary was again ready with her work, and stationed herself by her aunt's side.

"I am glad you are working, too, aunt," said she, "it is so much pleasanter to have somebody sewing with you."

Henry was looking wistfully at the two workers. "I wish I knew how to sew," said he.

Mary laughingly offered to teach him.

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"But how funny it would be for a boy to sew."

"Some boys do sew," said his mother.

"Yes, very little boys. I used to sew when I was little—don't you remember mother?"

"I remember you used to do something with a needle and thread which you *called* sewing."

Henry and Mary both laughed, and then Henry yawned for the fourth time since dinner, stretched his legs and arms in a strange manner, and went to look at his mice.

"I wish my mice were rabbits," said he.

"You seem to have a great many

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wishes, this afternoon," observed his mother. "But that is always the case with idle people, I believe. What put this last wish into your head?"

"I don't know, mamma, I believe it was reading about the rabbits yesterday in Rosamond."

"I think Rosamond was very good and patient about her laburnums," said Mary.

"So do I; I don't believe I should have been so patient; I remember I was provoked enough with the mouse who gnawed my Robinson Crusoe—did I ever tell you about it Mary? He gnawed the binding, and ever so many of the leaves."

"Did he?—no you never told me."

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"You say with *the* mouse, Henry; did you know what mouse it was?" asked his mother.

"No, mamma, but it must have been some mouse, I suppose."

"And what do you conjecture was his motive for spoiling your book?"

"I don't suppose he had any, mamma," said Henry, laughing; he eat because he was hungry, I suppose."

"And is it a crime to eat when one is hungry?"

"What funny questions you ask, to-day mother. I don't suppose it is if people eat their own things, and not other folk's books. But then I did not mean that the mouse was really to blame, because he didn't know any

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better; only you know, mother, we often feel a little angry with such creatures, even if they don't know any better, just as we do with a table when we bump our heads against it, or with a stone when we hit our feet."

"*We?*" said his mother, smiling.

"Oh, I don't suppose *you* do, mamma, but I do, and I think it is very hard to help it, when one is hurt. Don't you, Mary?"

Mary agreed that it was *rather* hard.

"But, Henry," said his mother, you say the mouse did not know any better; what do you mean by that?"

"Why, mamma, I mean that he did not know that it was wrong."

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"Is there any thing that he does know to be wrong?"

"No, mother, he does not know that there is any such thing as right or wrong."

"Very true, Henry. He not only does not know the meaning of those *words*, but he has not any *ideas*, or thoughts corresponding to them. This is another great difference between you and him, is it not?"

"Yes, mamma; I have known what right and wrong mean ever since I can remember."

"And when you have done any thing, is it in your power to refrain from thinking whether it is right or wrong? Can you help deciding that it is one or the

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other, and feeling happy or unhappy in consequence."

"No, mother, I believe not—I am sure not; for sometimes when I have done wrong, I have tried very hard to make the unhappy feeling go away, and it would not!"

"Do you think the feeling caused by a sense of having done wrong, is as bad as bodily pain?"

"Yes, indeed, mother, a great deal worse, sometimes; it is just like a great load pressing upon my heart."

"So it is," said Mary, "exactly. Father told me that it is called remorse; and that sometimes men have suffered so much from it, that they have killed themselves."

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"Poor creatures!" said Henry.

"And father said it was very foolish, besides being wicked, because they will feel remorse just as much, and a great deal more in the other world."

"Foolish, indeed!" said her aunt. "Conscience, which inflicts the pain of remorse, will live forever. But to go back to the mouse. Do you suppose, Henry, that if he knew the difference between right and wrong, he would be to blame for not doing right, and would feel remorse for it, as you do?"

"Yes, mother; I should think so."

"Suppose a giant should put a knife into your hand and then take your hand and force you to plunge the knife into a

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man's breast and kill him, would you be to blame at all, for the act?"

"No, mother, because I could not help it."

"Then you see that in order to constitute guilt, there is something else necessary besides conscience; there must be *a will*—the power *to choose* right or wrong."

"But, mamma, I should think the mouse has a will; he does just what he has a mind to."

"That is, he follows his instinct, his appetites and desires; but he has nothing like *a will*, in the proper sense of that word. If he had, you could present motives to him, and he could weigh them, and decide between them."

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"Yes, I see now mamma. Then when I am hesitating whether to do something or not, and finally conclude to do it, is it my will that decides?"

"Yes; the will lies at the foundation of our whole character. You can see too how closely it is connected with conscience. What would be the use of having a conscience to tell us what is right and what wrong, if we had not a will, by which we might choose the right? And what would be the use of a will to choose, if we did not know any thing worth choosing? The two together constitute our *moral nature*, and the greatest difference between us and the brutes."

"There is a great deal more differ-

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ence between us and them than I thought there was when we began to talk, mamma. I am very glad that I am a man—a boy at least, and not a mouse."

"And well may you be glad, my dear son. For this moral nature of yours may be so improved and perfected that you shall become equal to the angels, and like to God himself. It may go on expanding forever, and ascending to higher degrees of holiness and happiness, while the mouse, even if he should live forever, would be no wiser or better at the end of millions of ages than now."

"That is the reason, I dare say, why he will not live forever, and we shall. How plain every thing seems; and how

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every thing *fits together*, doesn't it mother. I mean, it seems so natural and right that we should live forever, that we do not need the Bible to tell us so; I should think we could not help believing it."

"Yes, Henry; every thing in the soul of man shows that it was meant for immortality. God has not created such a wonderful nature, with such wonderful powers of progression to perish in a day."

"Mother, you can't think how many thoughts are coming into my mind—it almost frightens me when I say over, *forever and ever*, and think that I shall live so long."

His mother did not reply; she thought

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it best to leave him to the influence of such reflections. He sat silent for some time, but was roused by Mary's putting up her work, and they went up stairs together.

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CHAPTER IX.

"MOTHER," said Henry, the next day, "I am afraid I have found out the answer to my question, which I asked you the other day, and I am ever so much disappointed."

"Disappointed, Henry! I thought you wanted to find it out."

"Yes, but if it is what I think it is, I knew before; I have known ever since I can remember, almost."

"Then if you knew before, why did you ask?"

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"Because mamma—it is strange—but I knew, and yet I did not know. I had heard it said, and said it myself ever so many times, but I did not think what it meant, and when that strange feeling came of wondering what I was for, it seemed as if I did not know any thing about it."

"And why are you disappointed to find that you do know?"

"Because I thought it was going to be something quite different. I thought that as soon as you told me, I should see in a minute, that it must be so, as plain as I saw what animals are made for."

"Well, don't you find it so?"

"No indeed, mamma, I don't see why

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we were made for *that*, more than for any thing else."

"All this time you have not told me what *that* is, which you have always known to be the end of your creation."

"Because I am not certain yet, mamma, that what I think of, is the same that you are going to tell me; so I would rather not tell you, if you please."

"Very well, my dear; I can wait."

"But I will tell you another thing I have thought mamma, and that is the reason why you expect that telling me about the difference between us and the other animals, will help me to find out what I am made for."

"Well, what is the reason?"

"Because if there is so much differ-

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ence between us and them, in our—our—"

"Natures and capacities?"

"Yes mother;—there must be just as much difference in what we were made for. I can't say what I want to, at all, mother."

"No matter, my dear; I understand you, and you are right. There are two ways in which we judge of the end for which any creature is made. First, by *that of which it is capable;* and, secondly, by *that which makes it happy.* If God gives an animal certain powers and faculties, we conclude that it was meant to exercise those faculties. And if he so constitutes it that certain things are necessary for its happiness, we conclude

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that it was made to enjoy those things."

"Yes mamma, that seems very plain."

"Now in our conversations I have begun to show you, or rather have helped you to find out for yourself, what you are capable of. You have found that you are capable of knowing *yourself*, of knowing *right and wrong*, and of *choosing right*."

"Yes, and that in all this I am better off, than mice and such creatures. And now, mother, won't you go on and tell me some more?"

"Yes, if it will interest Mary; you should think of what will please her."

"Oh! that will please me, aunt," said Mary, "I love dearly to have you talk while I am at work."

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"So, mamma, please begin."

"I want you to begin, Henry; you ought to be able to tell me what else you know which brutes—which your mouse for instance, does not know and cannot be taught."

Henry considered a moment. "You do not mean knowing *how to do* things, mother, but understanding about them, just as you meant about right and wrong?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, mamma, I can't think. All the things round him, he can know *something* about."

"Yes, for he has senses as well as you; therefore you must not look among the objects of sense."

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"What other things are there?—oh! spirits; I know myself, and I am a spirit, and—oh, yes! I see what you mean, mamma; I can know *God*, and the mouse cannot. Is that what you meant?"

"Yes, Henry. This is the third and last particular which I was going to name to you, in which you are superior to the brute creation. You know who made you; you are able to understand his character, to study his perfections, to know and obey his will. You can trace the proofs of his wisdom and goodness, in the things which he has made, and in the daily events of his providence; and can contemplate, in his word, the brightest display of his per-

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fections, in the person of Jesus Christ."

After a few moments silence, Henry replied:

"Mamma, I almost wish I did not know any thing about God."

"What can you mean, Henry?"

"Because, mamma, I should like to see how it would seem, if I should hear about him for the first time. You know when we get used to any thing, we don't care much about it; and I have always been used to hearing about God."

"So have the angels always known God, but do you suppose that they are tired of looking at his character on that account, or that their interest is at all diminished?"

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"Oh! no, mamma, but then that is different?"

"How, different?"

"Oh! angels are so holy, you know."

"Very true, Henry, that *is* the difference. For though we may get tired of a subject which is limited, which can be fully comprehended, because it is the nature of the mind to be dissatisfied with every thing finite, yet this cannot apply to God, who is infinite. Men and angels may study his perfections for millions of ages, and there is still as much left to study as when they began. Therefore it must be the fault of our *hearts*—it must be because we do not *love* God, if we do not feel interested in his character."

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"I wonder whether I should ever have found out any thing about God, if I had never seen the Bible, and if you and father had never told me any thing about Him. Don't you think I should, mother? because I should have known that somebody must have made me? I dare say if the animals could think about themselves, they would think something about God—I mean about some sort of God—don't you think so, mamma?"

"It seems hardly possible that man should look into his own soul, without finding there some proof of a God; and besides, there is the world around him, full of God. 'The invisible things of Him,' *i. e.* perfections are clearly seen,

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being understood by the things that are made. But this is supposing man to be holy, for in his present state his mind is so clouded by sin, as to be incapable of discerning these things."

"That is the reason the heathen do not find out about God, I suppose?"

"Man is more exalted by this capacity for knowing God, than by any of his other faculties. It implies some degree of likeness to God, for we cannot know that which is entirely foreign to us. And here too you may see the use of man's immortality."

"Then that *is* one thing we are made for, isn't it? I was thinking yesterday that it must be something that will last; it cannot be anything about this world,

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for then it would not live so long as we shall. And now I will tell you, mamma, what it was that I meant, the other day, which I said I had always known. It was the first question of the Catechism, *What is the chief end of man?* Isn't it strange that I should have said that over so many times, and never thought what it meant? But after all, I am disappointed"

"Why, my dear?"

"Oh, I don't know, mamma; it doesn't seem so plain as I thought it would."

"I hope it *will* seem plain to you, some time or other, my dear boy. It certainly will, if you begin to love God, for then you will feel that this is exactly

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what your soul was designed for; that this, and nothing else can make it happy. At any rate, you have found out what you were *not* made for; that is, for any thing perishable. Since you are to live forever, your soul will require something eternal, and also, something which has no limits; otherwise you would exhaust it, and grow weary of it. And what else is *infinite* and *eternal*, besides God?"

"But still, mamma, I do not see how loving God will make me happy, or why I should be made for that."

"I do not suppose you *can* understand it perfectly, Henry, until you learn it by experience. However, I can perhaps make it a little clearer to you, but that

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must be for another day. At least remember this: that you have a soul which *nothing else can make happy but God.*"

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CHAPTER X.

IT must not be supposed that the conversations we have narrated were the only ones that passed between Henry and his mother. She often talked with him about his soul, and the necessity of a new heart, if he would be happy forever; and very often did she pray for him and with him, that the Spirit of God might incline him to love the Savior. Henry always listened with attention, but without any particular concern. For the last few days,

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however, he had not been entirely free from uneasy thoughts respecting himself. Something seemed to whisper to him that he could never be saved with his present character; that he needed a new heart, and that it was dangerous to put off repentance when he knew not how soon he might die. He did not encourage these thoughts because they made him unhappy, and Mary's society helped him to banish them.

At length the last day of her visit came, and William and Fanny were sent for to pass it with them. Henry anticipated a great deal of pleasure on this day; he had a great many things to show his cousins—among others, his mice, which they had never seen. He

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and Mary were up very early on the eargerly expected morning, making their preparations. Mrs. L. had promised that if the weather should prove pleasant, they should have a little collation prepared in the arbor; and the children determined to put in requisition all their ingenuity to keep their visiters away from this arbor, till the appointed time.

The day *was* pleasant, as Mary perceived the moment she opened her eyes; and before she was half dressed Henry knocked at her door to ask if she was up, and if she was not glad of the beautiful day. They had time to make all their arrangements before breakfast, and during breakfast, nothing was

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"Oh! Henry! what is the matter? oh dear! dear!" p. 109.

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talked of but expected pleasures. Henry, it is true, was not without apprehensions that one of his dreaded headaches was coming on, as he felt some symptoms of it, but he hoped not.

He finished his breakfast, and was collecting some crumbs of bread for his mice, when Mary who had gone to the cage, screamed out, "Oh! Henry! what is the matter? oh dear! dear!" Henry ran—both the mice were extended lifeless on the bottom of the cage. He looked stupified with horror, then hoped for a moment that they were not dead,—he touched one—it was cold. He was ashamed that his mother and Mary should see him cry, and yet he could not restrain himself. He ran out

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of the room, up stairs, locked the door of his room, and throwing himself, face downwards, on the bed, burst into an agony of tears. Mary was crying too; she wished to follow Henry and try to console him, but her aunt advised her not. "It is best to leave him alone, dear; he will feel better directly." She then endeavored to ascertain the cause of the misfortune, but in vain. It did not appear that the mice had been fed with any thing unusual, nor was any other probable cause of their death to be assigned.

After waiting some time and finding that Henry did not come down, his mother went to his room. He had been trying in vain to conquer his grief so far

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as to be able to go down stairs; but whenever he supposed he had succeeded, a new thought of his misfortune would cause the tears to break forth afresh. When he heard his mother's knock, he wiped his eyes hastily, endeavored to look calm and opened the door. But the first glance at her tender, sympathising face, overcame his firmness, and he sobbed aloud. His mother put her arms around him, but did not speak; at last, in a voice interrupted by sobs, he said,

"I know—you—you think me very—very silly, mamma—but—"

"No, my dear child, not in the least silly; I know how hard such a thing is

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to bear. At your age I should have felt it as acutely as you do."

Henry was comforted by this assurance, and in a few minutes he became more composed.

"It seems as if it would not be half so hard to bear, if it had come any other day, but just to-day, when I expected" —his lip quivered and he could not go on.

"When you expected to be so happy. Yes, dear, this does make it harder; but you must try to bear it with as much fortitude as you can, for your cousins' sake."

"I know it, mamma, I am afraid I shall spoil all their pleasure, for I cannot be happy if I try ever so hard. I do

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not care for any thing now, I wish I could stay alone all day."

"Try, my dear boy, to do what will make others happy, and think as little of yourself as possible. This is the best remedy for sorrow I know of. And remember that this did not happen by chance; even the smallest events are ordered by God, and perhaps he intended to teach you a lesson by it."

Henry was silent a moment; then he said,

"Mamma, how do you suppose it happened? What made them die?"

"I do not know, my dear. What did you give them to eat, yesterday?"

Henry had given them nothing but what he did every day, as well as he

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could remember, and the subject continued to be a mystery ever after.

However, he felt so much relieved by this conversation, that he was able to go down stairs, to Mary, who was anxiously waiting for him, with a tolerably cheerful countenance. They mourned together and wondered together, till William and Fanny arrived, and then the condolences and wonder were repeated. However, they could not talk forever of one subject, and as the new comers had much to tell, cheerfulness was soon restored, and the various plans of amusement which had been devised were put into execution.

After dinner they all set off on a walk, and William bought for Henry a beauti-

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ful knife with two blades. During this walk Mrs. L. had prepared the repast, and soon after their return they adjourned to the garden. Those who were in the secret, as if by accident, directed the steps of their unconscious companions to the spot where all the glories of the feast were to burst upon them at once. They manifested as much surprise and pleasure as had been expected; Mary and Henry did the honors with great propriety, and all terminated to their satisfaction. But ah! just as they had finished, and before they were half ready to separate, uncle John had come to take home his children. Henry found it very hard to part from Mary. His grief of the morning

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was renewed, the temporary excitement of their visit passed away as soon as they were gone, and he told his mother that he felt as desolate as if he had nothing left. The moment he had said this, he felt afraid that his mother would think he had forgotten or undervalued her affection.

"I don't forget you, dear mother," he said, "who are better than a thousand mice, or even cousins."

"And your dear father, and little Helen," said his mother.

"Yes mamma, I know I ought not to be unhappy, when I have so many things; but somehow I can't help it;" and he hid his face in his mother's lap.

She stroked his head affectionately.

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'You did not know how much you loved your mice before, did you?"

"No indeed, mamma. I shall be afraid ever to love any thing again;" added he mournfully.

"It is indeed dangerous, my dear boy, to love very ardently any thing in this world for all is perishable. But there is one object that will endure—you need not be afraid to love Christ, Henry; he will never die, never forsake you."

"I wish I did love him," said Henry in a low voice.

"And what is to prevent you, my dear, *dear* boy? Why can you not this moment begin to love so precious a Savior?"

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Henry did not reply—his heart was sad, and he wished to be alone. He therefore bade his mother good night and went to bed. But he could not sleep. His mother's last words followed him. "Why should I not love Christ?" he continually asked himself. He tried to pray, but all looked dark and cheerless, and he seemed to be speaking into the air. At last, he fell into an unquiet slumber.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE next morning when Henry awoke he had a confused feeling that something disagreeable had happened the preceding day, without recollecting what it was. In a moment he remembered that he had lost his mice and that Mary was gone; and then his mother's words and his own unhappy feelings the night before recurred to him.

"Oh dear! I wish I knew what is to become of me," thought he; "I wish I

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knew whether I shall be miserable forever."

He dressed himself and went down stairs; his mother was there and they sat down to breakfast. He tried to eat but could not; there was a sickness, a load at his heart, that he could not get rid of, and he longed to tell his mother, but something kept him back. She looked at him tenderly, but did not say anything. After breakfast, she was occupied for a time, as usual, with various domestic concerns, and Henry was left alone. The moment his mother was out of the room, it seemed easy enough to tell her, and he wondered why he had hesitated so long. He forgot that his mother could give him no

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relief so long as he refused to admit the Savior into his heart, and determining to tell her all his feelings as soon as she should come in, he endeavored in the mean time to amuse himself with reading. But this effort was vain. The Holy Spirit who had begun to strive with him, would not be so repulsed. His eyes were fixed on the book, but his mind was disquieted with apprehensions, and he could think of nothing but the wrath of God. He threw away his book and took the Bible, but every verse seemed to be a sentence of condemnation against him.

At length a hurried knock was heard at the door; it was a messenger to say that William Barclay, whose parents

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lived next door, had just been drowned; that his mother was almost distracted and begged that Mrs. L. would come to her directly. William Barclay drowned! He was Henry's friend, had been his school-fellow; he had seen him well and happy a week before. Mrs. L. went immediately, giving Henry only one look of admonition, concern and love, which he well understood, but which was unnecessary, to increase the impression already made upon him. His heart was full almost to bursting. His mother too gone, just when he needed her most; it seemed as if she would certainly be able to give him some relief; she would at least tell him what to do. "But don't I know what

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she would tell me?" he said to himself. "She would tell me to go to Christ. Oh if I could!—if I knew how!" He threw himself on the floor and groaned and sobbed aloud. "Oh God, have mercy upon me! I am a poor sinful child—have mercy upon me!" this was all he could say. For half an hour he lay in this distress; all the sins of his life seemed to come up before him—faults that he had committed when he was a very little boy, and which he had quite forgotten. In particular, he remembered a lie which he had told when he was four years old, and it pressed upon him with an inconceivable weight. But above all, the sin of having rejected Christ, began to look blacker than any

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other. He could not but wonder at his own perverseness in refusing to accept a Savior already provided for him. "And it is so ungrateful, when he had died to save me!" thought he, and the thought sent a fresh gush of tears to his eyes. And those were the first tears of real penitence he had ever shed. Yes, at that moment the first emotion of love to Christ, of gratitude for his goodness, of true sorrow for sin, was awakened in his heart. But he did not know it. He still lay upon the carpet, weeping, but his tears were not now hard and bitter, like those he had just shed. There was a sweetness mingled with them. He did not at first notice this change in his feelings, because he was not now think-

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ing of himself but of Christ. The love of the Savior in dying for him seemed so wonderful that he could think of nothing else. It was not till the recollection of William came again, and with that, the thought of his own distress an hour before, followed by the wonder why he was not distressed now, and then the sweet feeling that Christ would take care of his soul—that he began to see that his feelings had changed. "Do I really love Christ; oh, why did I not love him sooner?"—and then followed a new outpouring of love and gratitude. How he longed for his mother's return. Yet when he remembered on what errand she was gone, he would not allow himself to wish for her, he thought

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with compassion of poor Mrs. Barclay, and when he compared William's fate with his own situation, he was lost in thankfulness.

At last his mother came, looking very sad and weary. Henry could not speak, but threw himself into her arms. She saw that he had been weeping and yet looked happy. After returning his kiss, she held him off that she might look in his face, and read its expression. Henry understood her inquiring look. He could restrain himself no longer. "Oh! mother, Christ is so—so precious," he sobbed out.

He needed not to say more—he was understood. With unutterable joy his mother saw that her daily and

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nightly prayer was answered, and her tears of thankfulness mingled with those of her son.

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CHAPTER XII.

IT will be supposed that the change in Henry's feelings, which we have described imparted a new interest to his conversations with his mother. During the remainder of the day they talked much on the subject which was now most interesting to Henry—the love of Christ.

"If I had been allowed to choose a Savior for myself, mamma," said he, "to imagine just such a one as I needed, he would have been just like Christ.

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He is *exactly* such a Savior as we need, isn't he?"

"He is indeed, my dear boy. In him dwells *all the fulness* of the Godhead; he is the very *brightness* of the Father's glory, and yet he is our Friend and Brother."

"Mamma, I can't love him half enough; it seems as if my heart ached, wanting to love him more."

"Your heart will grow larger in heaven, and you will love him more."

"Yes mother, how sweet it is to think of that. And how strange it is that I have been so blind all my life. Only two or three days ago you know I told you mother, that I did not see why we were made to find our happiness in God,

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more than anything else. And I could not think how there could be any pleasure in living with him forever, and praising him. Oh how different it looks now!"

"Don't you think now, that the soul of man shows as plainly that it was made for God, as the natures and capacities of brutes show that they were designed only for the use of man?"

"Yes mother, but I wish you would talk to me about it, just as you were going to before, just as you promised to, when Mary was here."

"Very willingly, my dear; it is a delightful subject and one I love to talk about. And in the first place I wish you would tell me whether you ever

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had any thing, or enjoyed any thing, which made you perfectly happy, so happy that you had nothing left to desire."

"No mamma, I don't think I ever had. I have often thought that I *should* be perfectly happy if I could have or do a particular thing; but when it came there was always something bad, mixed with it, which I did not expect. Or even if it was all just the same, it did not make me so happy, but what I could think of something better."

"You will find this to be more and more true as you grow older. There is no earthly pleasure without alloy, *something bad* mixed with it, and this is the reason why our souls are not satisfied

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with it. For *our souls are so made that they can be satisfied with nothing which is not perfect.* The least blemish or imperfection, diminishes, if it does not wholly destroy our pleasure. Do you understand this?"

"Yes mother, very well. I know it is so about my books and pictures, and even about *persons;* boys and girls, that I play with: if they have the least bad thing about them, it spoils half my pleasure."

"This is the first thing then which shows us that our souls are made for God, since *He is the only perfect Being or object in the universe.* He is absolutely without spot or blemish, and all created goodness is but a faint shadow of his,

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and would cease to exist, if he should cease."

"Just as light would cease if the sun was taken away, isn't it mamma? I see now why God is called a Sun."

"Yes, and you can see why God ought to be loved more than all other beings, since he is the source of all that is lovely and excellent in them. But to go on to another point. Although you have never met with any thing absolutely perfect, yet you have found things which have made you tolerably happy for a time. Now when you found such a thing why did you not keep it, that it might make you happy always?"

"I don't know exactly what you mean, mother."

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"Well, just tell me some of the things which have ever made you happy."

"There are so many I hardly know where to begin. Reading pretty books has made me happy, and playing with Helen, and with Rover, and my mice, when I had them, and my cousins, and walking with you, mamma, and with papa, and riding, and hearing the birds sing, and"—

"Well that will do. Playing with Rover, you say is one thing that gives you pleasure;—then why don't you play with him all the time, so as to be sure of being happy all the time?"

"Oh, but mother," said Henry in a tone of wonder, "it wouldn't make me

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happy to play with him all the time, not by a great deal; I should be as miserable as possible if I had nothing else to do."

"Can you think of any thing else which it would make you happy, to do all the time—any sort of worldly employment I mean?"

"No mamma; you know once I thought I should like to play all the time, when I was a very little boy; so you let me stay at home from school, and took away all my books, and made me do nothing but play all the time. But I soon got tired of it."

"You would not like then to spend eternity in doing any of those things which you named?"

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"Eternity! oh mother! If it was the most delightful thing in the world, I should be tired of it long and long before—I was going to say before eternity was through, when it will *never* be through."

"Well, this shows us another thing about the soul. *It is discontented with every thing finite:* that is, with every thing that has bounds or limits, that can be measured; and this is the case with every earthly enjoyment. However delightful it may be, *it is soon exhausted;* the soul becomes dissatisfied with it and craves something more. And if this is the case even here, how much more would it be true of a future state of existence; when the soul will be con-

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tinually enlarging and expanding in its capacities, and when consequently it will need something *infinite*, that is, without bounds, to satisfy it."

"Mamma, it seems strange to think that there can be any thing infinite.—I do not understand how it can be."

"No, we do not any of us understand *how* it can be, but we can believe that there is such a thing, just as we believe that our soul and body make one person, though we cannot understand how it is. If God were not infinite, though he were ever so great, there would come a period, somewhere in eternity, when we should have comprehended him fully, should have learned every thing that is to be known about him,

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and then we should become dissatisfied, and want something more."

"Oh! mamma, I am so glad it is not so, and so glad that we shall have a whole eternity to find out about God in!"

"You know how much pleasure there is in *knowing*, even finite and imperfect things; think then what infinite delight there must be in knowing the most glorious, exalted and perfect Being that exists or that could exist, and to go on knowing him better forever!"

Henry *looked* the reply which he did not utter, and the conversation closed.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day, Henry felt quite unwell, but he did not tell his mother, and asked her to go on with what she had been saying the day before.

"You have seen how God, being infinite and perfect, is adapted to man's intellectual nature, or mind,—his power of knowing; his moral attributes are equally adapted to satisfy the wants of man's moral nature."

"What are moral attributes, mother?"

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"Those which have a holy or unholy character. *Power* has no moral character; it might belong to a holy or unholy being; justice, goodness, truth and holinesss, are moral attributes. And we say that these are adapted to man's moral nature, because he cannot but approve and admire these qualities, even in his fallen state, nor can he love any being who is entirely destitute of them."

"No, I am sure we could not love God, if he were not holy. Then I suppose even the evil spirits approve holiness?"

"Yes, and this will be a great source of their misery. To see, that goodness is lovely, and sin hateful; and yet to know

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that they are destitute of holiness and full of sin."

"And besides, they won't have any thing to love, will they mamma?"

"No. I was just about to mention, as another way in which we shall enjoy God, besides merely knowing him, we shall love him and be loved by him."

"Oh! mamma, it seems almost too much to believe, that God can love such creatures."

"It is wonderful indeed, as is every thing about God. And if there is so much happiness in loving, and being loved by imperfect creatures, whose very love is in a measure selfish, what will it be, to be loved by the All-Perfect Jehovah—to be wrapped up, as it were

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in his love, encircled and upheld by his everlasting arms! And in return, we shall love him with our souls. He will continually unveil to us new glories and beauties through eternity, and we shall continually become capable of higher degrees of love and happiness."

"Mamma, I wonder Christians are not more impatient to die. I should think they would so long for heaven, that they would hardly be willing to live."

"If Christians had more faith, it would make them *willing* to die, at least, but not impatient, because that would imply a want of submission to the will of God. Besides, they wish or ought to wish to labor for Christ, in this world."

Henry began to think what he could

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do for Christ, and did not reply immediately. After a while he asked,

"Mamma, what day of the month is it?"

"I believe it is the fifteenth."

"Then mamma, it will be a month next Wednesday, since I asked you that question; it is a little more than three weeks now. When you hoped I should find out before the end of a month, you did not think how it would be, did you mother?"

"No dear, I did not *expect* it, though of course, I have never been without the hope that God would be so gracious to you."

This was the last of the series of conversations held by Henry and his

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motner on this subject. The design of the book has been to illustrate the first question and answer in "*The Westminster Catechism;*" a book which I hope all my young readers have studied.

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BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

* * * * * "It is an admirable, spirited work, and replete with overwhelming proofs of the demoralizing, depopulating, impoverishing and destructive influence which Popery sheds upon every land where it exists. At the present time we regard the introduction of a work like this as highly auspicious and full of promise. The weapons that have been so effectual in France against Popery will not be without some efficacy here."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

* * * * "We are glad to see works of this character got up in a cheap form for general distribution throughout our country, particularly at this time, when catholicism is making such rapid inroads in every part of our land. The public need all the insight into their character and designs that they can have. We bespeak for this work an extensive circulation."—*Hampshire Gazette.*

"This work has been very popular in France, and doubtless the translation, which is now presented to the American public, will be extensively read. It strips the veil from the papal system, and shows that it ever has been, and still is, the foe of free inquiry even in the natural sciences."—*N. J. Advocate.*

"Of all the books that have been written on this subject, there is none which, in our view, so completely uncovers the nakedness of the Harlot of Rome as this of Professor Quinet. It is a work of great power, originality and interest, and cannot be read without profit, by the intelligent American Christian. It should not be read carelessly. It should be studied. Its positions should be well understood—its tendencies tracked with a cautious step, and an inquiring eye."—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

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THE JESUITS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MM. MICHELET AND QUINET.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

"These works must have their influence.—They are not the ravings of distempered fancy, nor of alarmed fanaticism, but the deliberate convictions of learned and able men, of men of approved judgement and ripe experience, based upon the evidence of history. If that Church be the true Church, such assaults will do her no harm; but if she be the corrupt and rotten edifice, described by these men, who have grown up in her bosom, and who live in the midst of her influences, the blows of assailants so able and bold will shake her walls to their foundation."—*Cincinnati Evening Journal.*

"The present is a vigorous and eloquent exposure of the arts and intrigues of the Jesuits, particularly of their absurd and ridiculous claim to be the friends of education. It is the first product of two men who have wrought a prodigious revolution in the public opinion of France, and is as well adapted to the designs of the Jesuits here as there. We are very glad to welcome to our stock of Protestant reading, such admirable translations of their renowned works, and as they are put up in a cheap style, they ought to receive the hearty patronage of the Protestant community."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

"According to M. Michelet, the devil was the true founder of the order, for he can hardly conceive so much wickedness as coming from man. For about all the mischief with which the world has been cursed, since Loyola left the cavern of Manreza on his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, the Order of the Society of Jesus is responsible. Was a youth to be corrupted or a dynasty overthrown, treason planted in the family circle or an Indian to be converted, history falsified or a monarch confessed, the Jesuit alone was the man for the work. M. Quinet goes so far as to see behind the monarch on every falling throne the sombre figure of his Jesuit confessor. The book is a very interesting one. The characters of Loyola and Zavier are admirably drawn."—*Providence Journal.*

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